

Always In Our Hearts...



Gus

December 3, 1929-December 2, 2012

"The happiest moments of my life have been in God's everlasting care and love with my family and friends"



In Loving Memory of Gustaaf Eduard Doornberg

Order of Service

Pianist - Ed Doornenbal

Opening Words and Prayer - Pastor John Pasma

Hymn# 288: Take My Life And Let It Be (vs. 1, 2, 5, 6)

Scripture Reading: Psalm 139:1-12

Message - Pastor John Pasma

Hymn# 489: When Peace Like A River (Refrain after last verse only)

Words From The Children

Henry Doornberg

Karen Gengler

Ernest Robbert Doornberg

Song: His Eye Is On The Sparrow

Arrangement - Charles Gabriel

Soloist - Alida Doornberg

Memories

Scripture Reading: Psalm 23 - Evan Doornberg

Hymn# 483: How Great Thou Art

*Closing Prayer: Reverend Orlow Lund, Chaplain,
Dr. Gerald Zetter Care Centre*

Benediction

*The family invites you to join them for a
reception in the Fellowship Lounge.*

*May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back,
May the sunshine warm upon your face,
And the rains fall soft upon your fields,
And until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm of his hand.*



The Early Years - by Dirk Doornberg

Guus was born in the City of Malang, Java, Indonesia. The family lived on a coffee and rubber plantation located on the South slope of Java's highest volcano, the Smeru. Life there was pretty uneventful without the diversions which would be available living in a city. But there were two main sources of endless fascination; the swimming pool, fed by spring water, and the factory complex, where the coffee and the rubber would be processed. The factory also had the Chief Mechanic, a jack of all trades, master of everything who befriended Guus and his brothers. An occasional visit to the generating station was always a highlight. Down the steep embankment along a narrow foot path to the bottom of the gorge where the river flowed, the noise of the machinery was music to Guus's ears. The generating station provided the power needed for the factory, and all the other buildings including the house. On the weekends, there were frequently visitors from the city who enjoyed the cool mountain air. Memorable, scary, and adventurous would be the visit to Goeing, a second plantation managed by Guus's father, located almost at sea level.



Guus was 12 years old, when Japan overran the Netherlands East Indies (Indonesia now) in March 1942, in a matter of weeks. The upheaval of the war was immediate. The plantation, however, was fortunate to be left alone because of the rubber that it produced; an ingredient which the Japanese urgently needed. But in 1943, first father was interned then, 4 months later, the rest of the family. The first camp was bearable and Guus joined a club doing woodworking, since there was no school. Things got worse in early 1944, when they were moved to a convent school in Semarang. Guus and his elder brother Hans were separated from the rest, and had to bunk with other boys and men in a separate hall. In November of that year, Guus and Hans were moved to a camp only for boys and men. Being cut off from the rest of the family was very traumatic, all the more when he witnessed his brother dying of starvation in March 1945. Fortunately, war ended in August of that year. The family reunited and was evacuated to Australia, where they lived for 8 months. Those were the most joyful months ever for Guus and the rest of the family, to be a whole family once again, albeit without Hans.

Repatriation to Holland was in 1946 and again a few short years of family life were enjoyed. Guus had to work very hard to make up for lost time in school and had to be mostly away from home during the week. In 1948 father and mother returned to Java, and Guus took room and board with Dr. Bergsma in Rotterdam where he studied "Road and Bridge Building" at the M.T.S. (technical school). Guus completed his education in 1954 and immediately decided to join his sister Ank in Canada. He was then 25 years'old; having had only 15 of those years where he enjoyed family life with his much loved father and loving mother.

Foster and McGarvey Funeral Homes